Hip. Twas *Flauia.*

Emil. Yes

You talke of *Pirithous* and *Theſeus* love;
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely ſeaſond,
More buckled with ſtrong Iudgement, and their needes
The one of th'other may be ſaid to water
Their intertangled rootes of love, but I
And ſhee (I ſigh and ſpoke of) were things innocent,
Lou'd for we did, and like the Elements
That know not what, nor why, yet doe effect
Rare iſſues by their operance; our ſoules
Did ſo to one another; what ſhe lik'd,
Was then of me approov'd, what not condemd
No more arraignement, the flowre that I would plucke
And put betweene my breaſts, oh (then but beginning
To ſwell about the bloſſome) ſhe would long
Till ſhee had ſuch another, and commit it
To the like innocent Cradle, where *Phenix* like
They dide in perfume: on my head no toy
But was her patterne, her affections (pretty
Though happely, her careles, were, I followed
For my moſt ſerious decking, had mine eare
Stolne ſome new aire, or at adventure humd on
From miſicall Coynadge; why it was a note
Whereon her ſpirits would ſojourne (rather dwell on)
And ſing it in her ſlumbers; This rehearſall
(Which fury-innocent wots well) comes in
Like old importments baſtard, has this end,
That the true love tweene Mayde, and mayde, may be
More then in ſex individuall.

Hip. Y'are out of breath
And this high ſpeeded-pace, is but to ſay
That you ſhall never (like the Maide *Flavina*)
Love any that's calld Man.

Emil. I am ſure I ſhall not.

Hip. Now alacke weake Siſter,
I muſt no more beleeve thee in this point
(Though, in't I know thou doſt beleeve thy ſelfe,)

2. Hearſes ready with Palamon and Arcite: the 3. Queenes. Theſeus: and his Lordes ready.

Then

Then I will truſt a ſickely appe
That loathes even as it longs, b
If I were ripe for your perſwaſi
Have ſaide enough to ſhake m
Of the all noble *Theſeus*, for wh
I will now in, and kneele with
That we, more then his *Pirot*
The high throne in his heart.

Emil. I am not againſt yo
Yet I continew mine.

Scæna 4. *A Battaile ſtrooke wi*
Then Enter Theſeus (vict
him, and fall on their faces

1. *Qu.* To thee no ſtarre
2. *Qu.* Both heaven and e
Friend thee for ever.
3. *Qu.* All the good that
Be wiſhd upon thy head, I cry
Theſ. Th'imparciall Gods,
View us their mortall Heard,
And in their time chaſtice: goe
The bones of your dead Lords
With treble Ceremonie, rath
Should be in their deere right
But thoſe we will depute, whi
You in your dignities, and eve
Our haſt does leave imperfect
And heavens good eyes looke

Herald. Men of great quali
By their appointment; Some
They are Siſters children, Nep
Theſ. By'th Helme of Mar
Like to a paire of Lions, ſmear
Make lanes in troopes againſt. I
Conſtantly on them; for they

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